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1216

Congratulatory
V E R S E,
TO HER
Grace, the Dutcheſs
OF
M A R L B O R O U G H:
On the Late
GLORIOUS VICTORY,
NEAR
HOCHSTET in GERMANY.

August the 2d 1704.

*Vindelici didicere nuper
Quid Marte possis. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Brennosque veloces, & arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis,
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.*

Hor. Lib. 4.

L O N D O N;

Printed for Robert Battersby, at Staple-Inn-
Gate, next the Barrs in Holbourn. 1704.

18. Septemb.

Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
The English Department

TO HER

OF

On the late

ИЗДАНИЕ

August the 2d 1704

1894

Printed for Robert Battersby, at Staple-hall-
Gate, next the Bars in Holborn. 1794.

T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

TIS the proper Business of the Muse to Record the HERO; The Soldier gives the Poet Theme and Fire, and he mutually Eternizes his Laurels. I wou'd not be Misunderstood, to have design'd a Poem by the following Lines, worthy that Memorable Day where in the English Arms, in the Heart of Germany, (curb'd the Ambition of a Tyrant who hath long disturb'd the World with unjust War) and Retriev'd the Glory of their Ancestors. I may say we want a Genius capable of the Design.

The HERO's Acts Transcend the Poets Verse.

This is only a Grateful Spark of that Fire of Joy I could not conceal. He, I am sure, who hath any pretence to the Love of the Muses, and is silent on this Occasion, ought to be Bannish'd for
ever

ever from Helicon, and Condemn'd to Dulness
and the Spleen: Or Branded with that, I hope, is
now every where odious, the Name of a Party
Man.

I must Conclude, lest I make the Porch too
large for the little Tenement; tho' Prefaces are
now so Common, I believe we shall have 'em shortly
before Posies to Rings and Riddles.

READER.

THIS is the proper Business of the Muse to
Record the HERO: The Soldier gives
the Poet Theme and Fire, and he mutually
Enriches his Laurels. I would not be Mis-
understood, to have design'd a Poem by the fol-
lowing Lines, worthy that Memorable Day when
in the English Arms, in the Heart of Ger-
many, (curb'd the Ambition of a Tyrant
who hath long disturb'd the World with unjust
War) and Retriev'd the Glory of their An-
cestors. I may say we want a Genius capable of
the Design.

The HERO: Asks Transcend the Poet's Verse

This is only a Grateful Spark of that Fire of
Joy I could not conceal. He, I am sure, who hath
any pretence to the Love of the Muses, and is
silent on this Occasion, ought to be Bannish'd for
ever

TO THE
Most Illustrious Princess,
SARAH,
 Dutches of **MARLBOROUGH.**

MADAM, amidst the numerous Crouds that wait,
 Your happy **HERO** to Congratulate;

My Muse attends, one of the Impatient Throns;

To pay the Humble Tribute of her Song:

And were my Verse but equal to my Zeal;

Could but with equal Fire my Heart reveal;

What my faint Tongue wants Energy to tell.

Not the fam'd Græcian Bard with stronger Praise,

Could his inexorable Hero raise.

Nor great Octavius Cæsar's Mantuan Swain,

Sing his Æneas in a Nobler Strain.

I should have Ovid's softness, Virgil's Wit,

And Homers Nervous Strength, this Theme to Write.

Then might my Verse add to his Mighty Name,

And Honourably fix the Soldiers Fame.

But as the grateful Tenant pays his Lord,

What homely Fruit his Orchard can afford;

Tho 'tis unfit to grace his wealthy Board.

So I present this Offering of my Pen;

Accept the well meant Present tho 'tis mean.

SPEAK then my Muse, own thou thy Generous Heat;
 Resound the Immortal Actions of the Great.
 Say how insulted **EUROPE** gladly owns,
 She dreads no more the Gallick Tyrant's Frowns:

By Bold *BRITANNIA* Rescu'd from her Chains;
 She scorns, what once she felt, the Lust of *France*.
GREAT MARLBOROUGH, Bless'd Genius of our Land;
Bavaria felt the *VICTORS* dread Command.
 Born like *Alcides*, Tyrants to Restrain;
 And Vindicate the Liberty of Man.
 The Soldier, by his Mighty Leader Taught,
 With Blood, and Sweat, a Glorious Conquest Bought.
 Doubtful *Victoria* unresolving flies,
 And yields to Chance, by turns, her dear bought Prize:
 But *English* Valour tears the Palm away,
 And scorns to own blind Fortunes Partial Sway.

Ask the insulted *Danube's* Crimson Flood,
 Who Dyed her bright transparent Streams in Blood;
 And with her numerous Foes glutted her Womb.
 Behold, the Household Squadrons crouding come,
 And beg the Assistance of a timely Wave,
 To bury their Dishonour in the Grave.
 Again, Ye * *Sien* and *Tagus*, haughty Dames,
 Now Triumph o're the *Danube* and the *Thames*.
 Or if you find no Cause, then tell us why
 You Sounded (in your Shame) a *Victory*?

For Injured *EUROPE's* Liberty he Fought;
 The Glorious Prize, with Blood the *HERO* Bought;
 And rescued *GERMANY* now feels again,
 Her Liberty; and hath shook off her Chain,
 Bold with a Wife and Valiant *English* Head;
 The *English* o're the *Alps* their Banners spread.
 ' The Ancient Glory of the Nation now
 ' Retriev'd: Behold the *Gallick* Tyrant bow

* The Parisians Erected a Fire work for the Birth of the Duke of Bretaigne, Part of the Devise of which was, the Rivers *Sien* and *Tagus* Triumphant over the *Danube* and *Thames*.

To the same Genius, by whose fatal Steel
 His Haughty Ancestors at *Crescy* fell.
Poitiers and *Crescy* now will loose their Name,
 And *HOCHSTET*'s Plains Eclipse their Ancient Fame.
 Our Mighty Fathers willingly Bequeath,
 To their Great Sons, the never fading Wreath.

Joy sits in every Face, the Heavens too Smile.
 And Bless, with their kind Influence our Isle.
 Pale *ENVY* only sick'ning at the sight,
 Lashing her livid Corps, feels no Delight:
 She hover'd round the Plains of Victory;
 And when she saw the Beaten Squadrons fly;
 When the Victorious *MARLBOROUGH* Beheld,
 And view'd his temper'd Courage in the Field;
 Redoubling all her Rage, the Fury Swell'd,
 And her lean Breast, the Rancling Poison fill'd;
 Then Howling loud, she stretch'd her lying Voice,
 Affrighting Mimick Eccho with the Noise,
 And Vented thus her Pain; ' Then must I be
 ' The Trophy of this cursed Victory,
 ' Must I, bound to His Chariot Wheels be Led
 ' A Captive; must he on my Bosom Tread;
 ' This long I Fear'd. Tho' my lov'd Vipers know
 ' I hate him, dare not they their Duty do.
 ' Yes, I employ 'em, but they still in vain
 ' Return, and without Mischief come again:
 ' And I my Tongue, my darling Tongue must lose:
 ' The Conqueror does silence too Impose.
 ' Or if I Speak, I must some Praise afford;
 ' Eternal Horror seize that Laughing Word.

' Let me Annihilated rather be,
 ' And forfeit first my Immortality;
 ' Let me on *Virtue*, rather Live and Wait,
 ' And Good and Glorious Actions still repeat:
 ' Let me be any thing, but forc'd to hear,
 ' And the Victorious **MARLBOROUGH's** Conquest bear.

' *Ammon* nor *Julius* could my Tooth Survive,
 ' And shall this happy **HERO** me out-live.

Then casting round her baleful Eyes, she flew,
 And from the hated Conquering Troops withdrew.

May she no more Return our Land to Curse,
 And Meditating Secret Mischiefs Nurse.

Let *France* now blush, their Salique Law to own,
 Dashed with Glories from the **BRITISH THRONE**.
 If **ANNA** lends forth Beams so piercing Bright,
 What unknown Force hath the Original Light.
 She Chose the **HERO**, and she prov'd the **FRIEND**,
 One to Advise, the Other to defend.

Strange Blessings! in one Family beheld;
 The Splendor of the Court, the Terror of the Field.
 Still may you be so, still may Heaven Bless,
 And Crown Our Glorious Queen with just Success.
 And may you Two, like that most happy Pair;
 Enjoy the Sweets of Peace, after the Toils of War.

Grays Inn.

I am Your Graces

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

Charles Johnson.